



Jungle

COMICS

\$2.00 U.S. (\$2.75 CANADA)

No. 1





A Few Things You Should Know.

I'll never forget my first introduction to Comic Books. It was the summer of 1959 (a *gasp of horror arises from the crowd!*), and my grandpa showed up one day with this huge box of old books.

"Treasures, my boy!", he exclaimed. "Exotic worlds, action, adventure and danger are in this box!"

When I looked inside, I found close to 300 comic books of just about every type and title available at that time. (*Nowadays, 300 books isn't even one MONTH'S worth! But I digress...*) Funny animals, super heroes, comedy books...you name it. Since my parents thought comic books were only slightly less dangerous than the Communist Manifesto, I hurried them to my closet where I could savor them in safety.

Most of the books in my Treasure Trove were enjoyable but forgettable, and regrettably, disposable. (*They could have commanded a pretty penny today, but who knew? Besides, who needs cute coins?*). Among the titles that fired my imagination the most were a handful of 1940's Jerry Iger masterpieces, *JUNGLE* and *PLANET COMICS*. "Hunt Bowman and The Lost World" was excellent science fiction, with those wacky pseudo-Nazi bad guys he fought and his nifty ray guns and such. It was MAGIC!

Then, of course, there were the ladies, the classic Sheena and Flamingo. I speak for a great section of the male population when I express my fondest gratitude to those two for pulling us through puberty. We're talking

the adolescent fantasies of all time, bar none. Is it any wonder these books are still part of my permanent collection?

Cut to November 1987. Theoretically, we're all grown up now; responsible adults doing mature things. We get a call from Caplin/Iger Productions wanting to know if we'd be interested in two new series based on Iger's old *PLANET* and *JUNGLE* titles? YES, we would KILL to do these books. They accepted graciously, and we set about getting the best and the brightest artists and writers for them.

Rather than bore you with the same old hype (it's too late for that, Stephenson!), let me just say you're gonna like 'em, I gay-ron-TEE it.

The characters herein aren't super-heroes or mutants or invincible. They're just everyday folks — like you and me — who happen to be thrust into fantastic situations. And *that* is what good fiction is all about. It's not our intention to try and recapture that old style or feeling; those were different times, different people. We're creating our OWN magic here, our own style. And I think it's working.

After all, some day somebody may hand their grandkids a battered box of our *PLANET* and *JUNGLE* comics, so they can discover some treasures and adventures of their own.

I think Grandpa would like that.

John

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SHEENA^{T.M.}

Queen of the Jungle

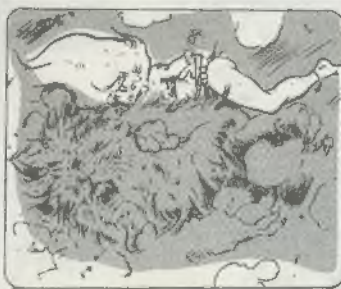


• DRAGAN '88

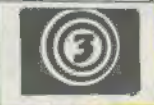


Story by **BRUCE JONES** Art by **DRAGAN FLAESC** Letters by **DAVID CODY WEISS**

...REALLY AMAZING. WHERE'D YOU GET THE FOOTAGE?



OH, IT'S OLD... 1940'S. SHE WAS IN HER PRIME THEN. REMEMBER J. A. HUNTER, THE LAST OF THE "GREAT WHITE HUNTERS"? IT'S RUMORED HE TOOK IT.



SO SHE WAS REAL.

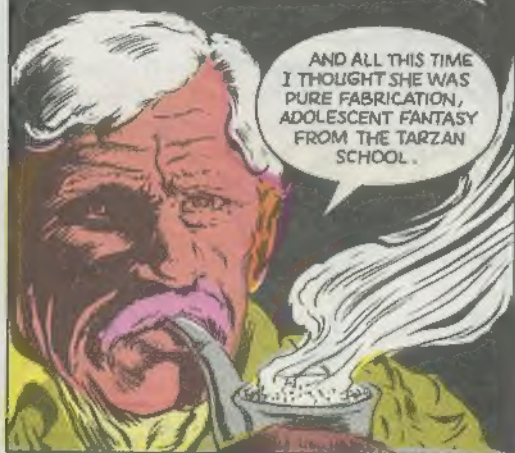
WELL, ASIDE FROM HUNTER, NOT THAT MANY RELIABLE WHITE MEN DEALT WITH HER. BUT SHE'S LEGEND AMONG THE NATIVES. AND YOU SAW THE FOOTAGE... YES, I BELIEVE SHE WAS REAL.



DEAR GOD, THE BODY ON HER...

THE LEAST OF HER ATTRIBUTES, SO THEY SAY-- SHE COULD BRING DOWN ANY MAN... HELL, SHE COULD BRING DOWN ANY LION, COME TO THAT.

AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT SHE WAS PURE FABRICATION, ADOLESCENT FANTASY FROM THE TARZAN SCHOOL.



EXCUSE ME, Mr. THOMPSON, YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHEN WE SPOTTED THE BIG MALE.



YES, LUGAWA, WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

AND TODAY? ANYONE KNOW OF HER WHEREABOUTS?

OH, THAT'S NO BIG MYSTERY. SHE'S IN NEW YORK, IN RETIREMENT, HELPING SLUM KIDS INSTEAD OF NATIVE BOYS.



...QUESTION IS, IS THAT GRAY-HAIRED SOCIAL WORKER NAMED SHARON MCCLORY REALLY SHEENA, "QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE"?





JUST THERE,
MR. BOSLEY...

Eh?... OH YES,
I SEE HIM NOW...



SPLENDID
FELLOW... ABSOLUTELY
PREHISTORIC!

STRANGE, ISN'T IT, PAUL: IN SHEENA'S TIME, THAT BIG
FELLOW WOULD HAVE BEEN FAIR GAME FOR THIS RIFLE...
NOW, I'M HIRED TO PROTECT, RATHER THAN--



--AGHH!

POACHERS!

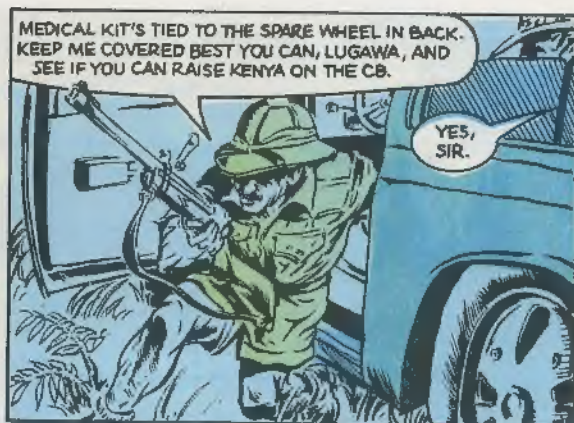
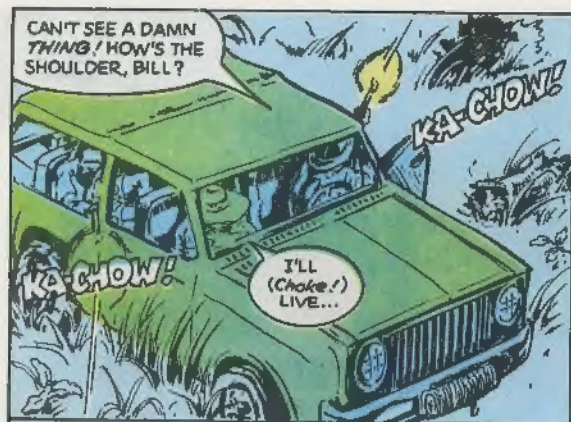


GOOD GOD,
THEY'VE GOT US
SURROUNDED!

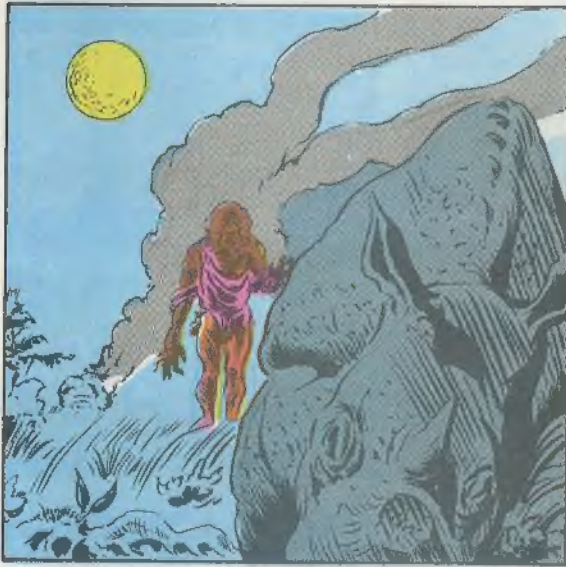
LUGAWA, TAKE MR.
BOSLEY'S RIFLE! I'LL
SEE IF I CAN GET US--



-- OUT
OF HERE...

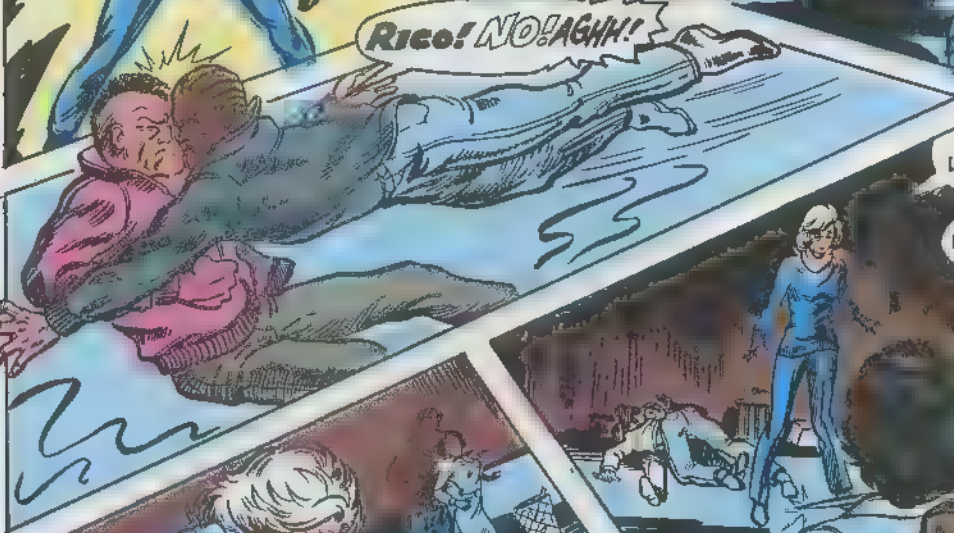
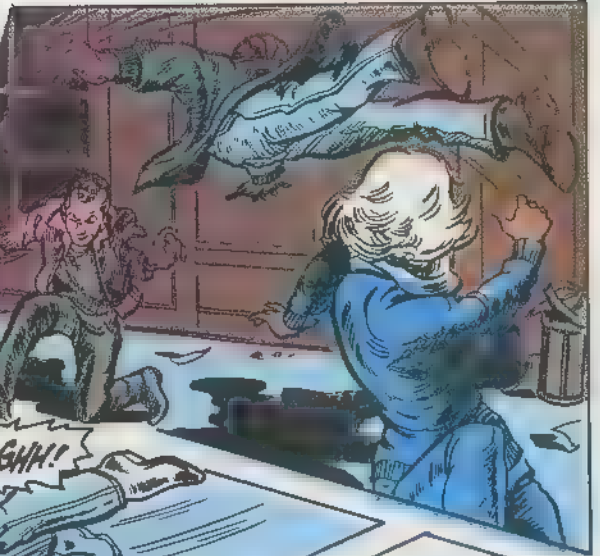










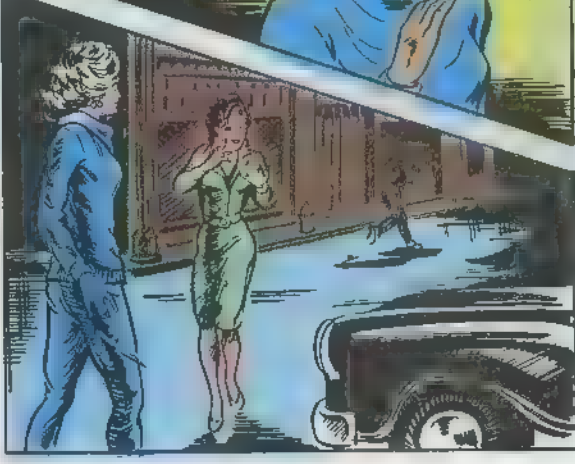
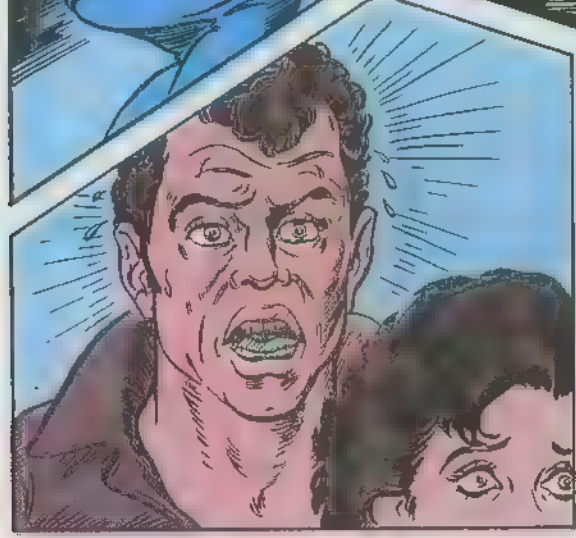


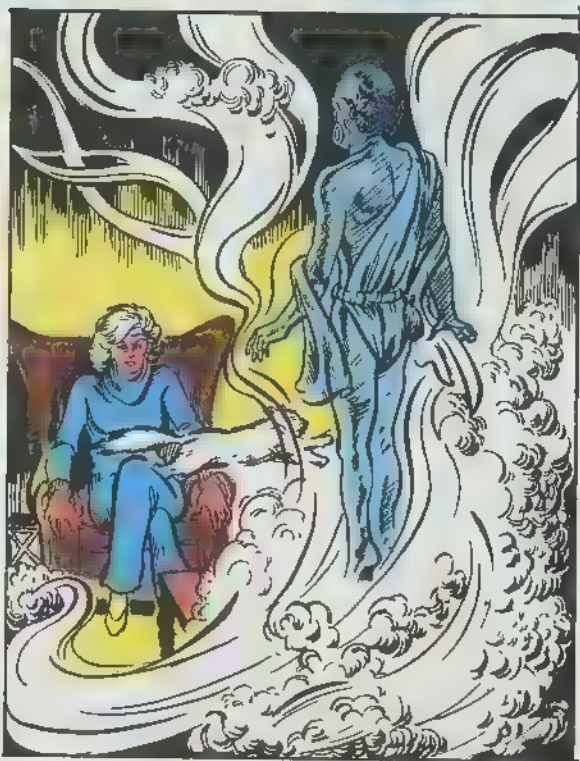
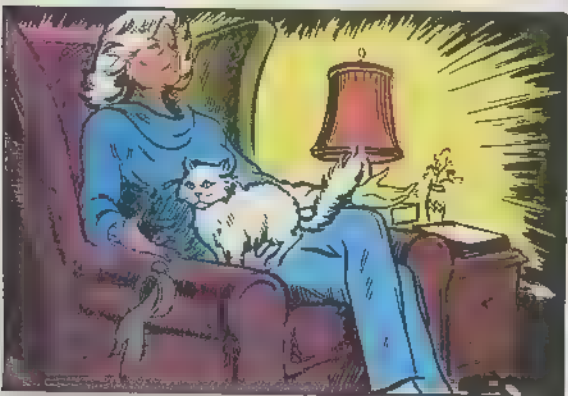
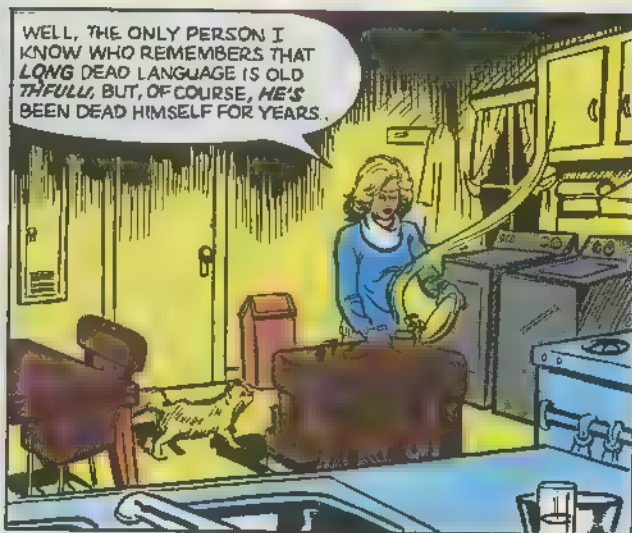
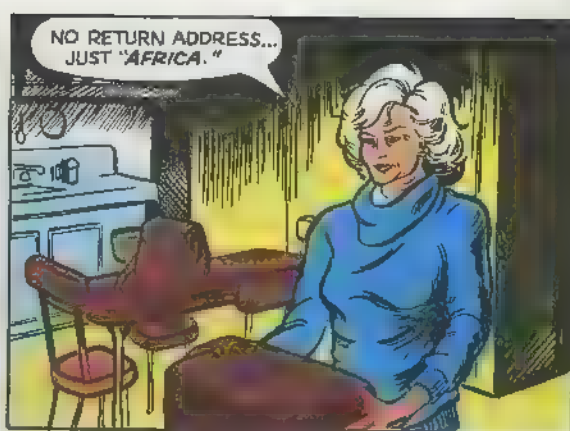
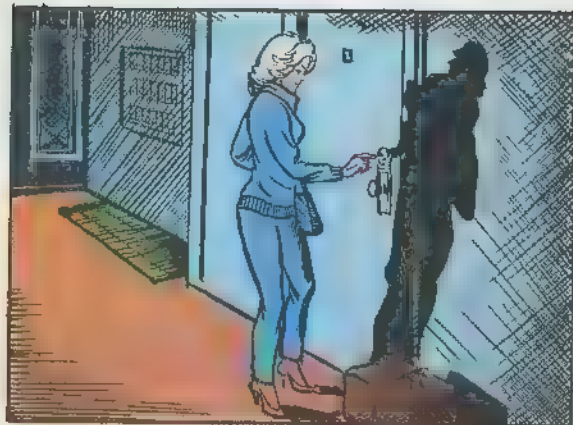
YOU WILL
LET HER GO
NOW.

ONE MORE STEP
LADY, AND SHE LOSES
HER PIPES!



I CAN BEND, THROW,
AND PENETRATE YOUR FOREHEAD
WITH THIS BEFORE YOU CAN CUT
HER THROAT. YOU HAVE FIVE
SECONDS TO PROVE ME WRONG...

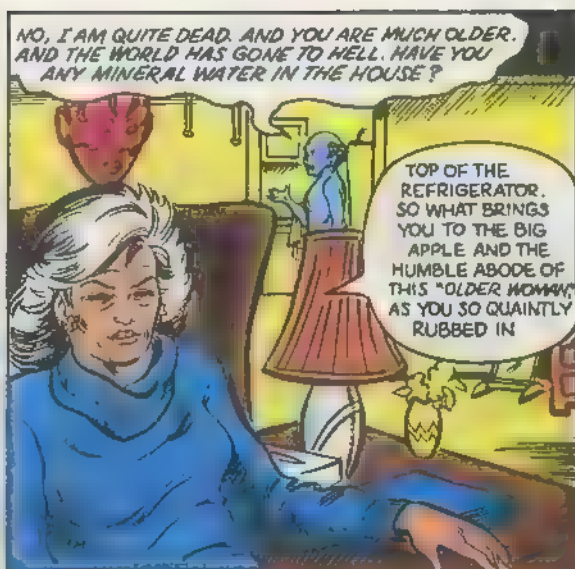






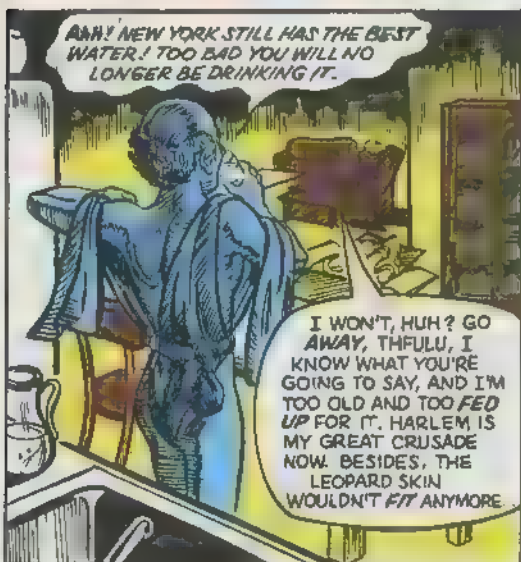
GREETINGS FROM THE DARK CONTINENT, IVORY ONE...

YOU MEAN THE DARK BEYOND THE GRAVE, DON'T YOU, THFULU? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD... OR HAVE YOU CONQUERED THAT, AS WELL?



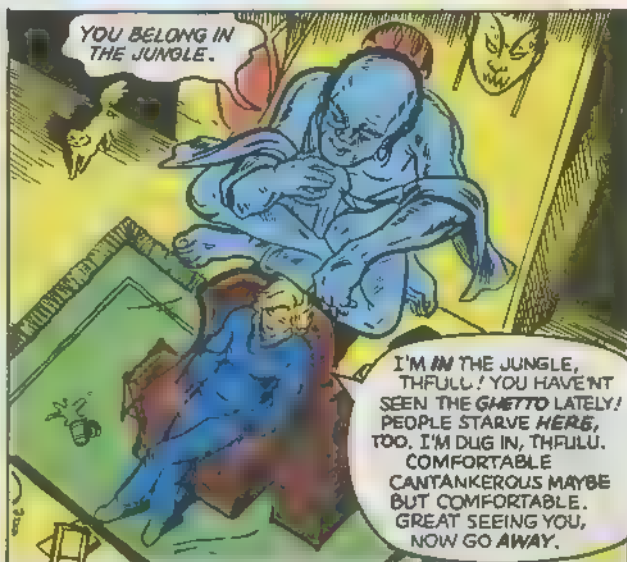
NO, I AM QUITE DEAD. AND YOU ARE MUCH OLDER. AND THE WORLD HAS GONE TO HELL. HAVE YOU ANY MINERAL WATER IN THE HOUSE?

TOP OF THE REFRIGERATOR. SO WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE BIG APPLE AND THE HUMBLE ABODE OF THIS "OLDER MOMMY," AS YOU SO QUAINLY RUBBED IN



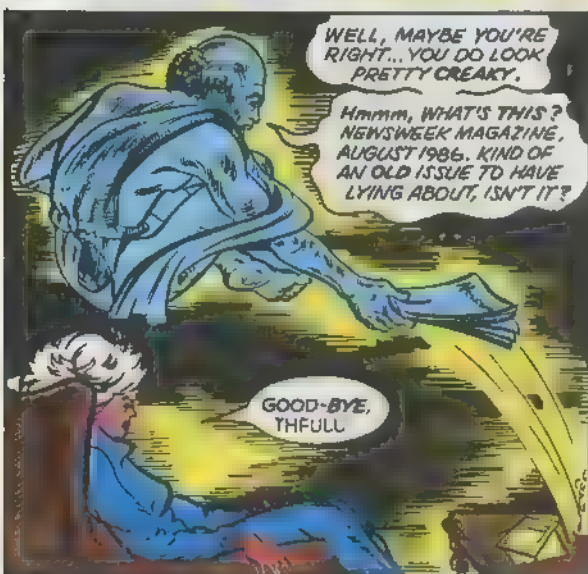
AHH! NEW YORK STILL HAS THE BEST WATER! TOO BAD YOU WILL NO LONGER BE DRINKING IT.

I WON'T, HUH? GO AWAY, THFULU, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY, AND I'M TOO OLD AND TOO FED UP FOR IT. HARLEM IS MY GREAT CRUSADE NOW. BESIDES, THE LEOPARD SKIN WOULDN'T FIT ANYMORE.



YOU BELONG IN THE JUNGLE.

I'M IN THE JUNGLE, THFULU! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE GHETTO LATELY! PEOPLE STARVE HERE, TOO. I'M DUG IN, THFULU. COMFORTABLE CANTANKEROUS MAYBE BUT COMFORTABLE. GREAT SEEING YOU, NOW GO AWAY.



WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... YOU DO LOOK PRETTY CREAKY.

Hmmm, WHAT'S THIS? NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE, AUGUST 1986. KIND OF AN OLD ISSUE TO HAVE LYING ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

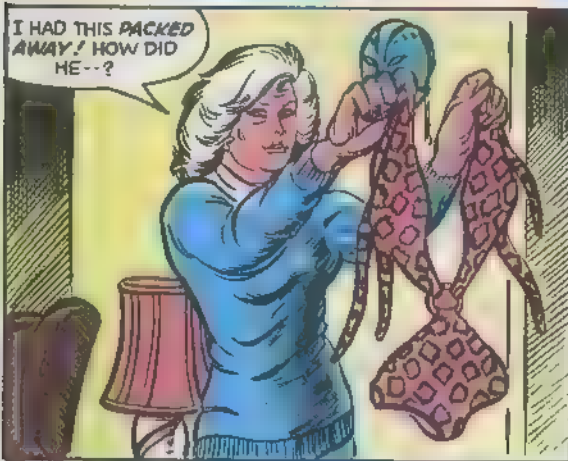
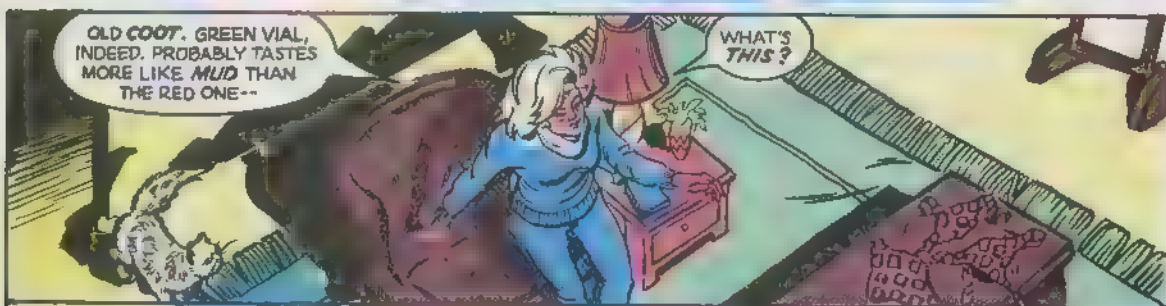
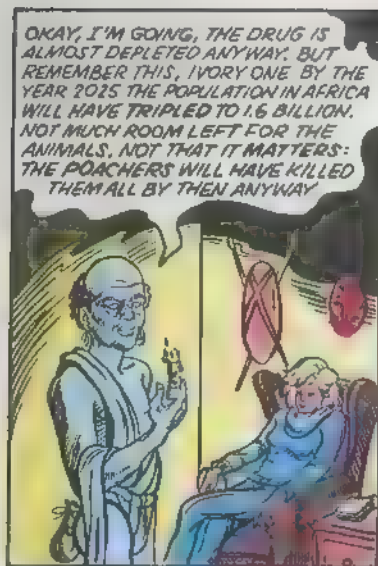
GOOD-BYE, THFULU



OH YEAH, I REMEMBER THIS ISSUE: "AFRICA: THE LAST SAFARI." ALL ABOUT WARS AND DROUGHT AND.. POACHERS. WASN'T IT? OR DID YOU BUY IT FOR THE ARTICLE ON THE WYETH "HELGA" PAINTINGS?

I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

News



GI JOE

3-D

The JOES Face Cobra In:
WISH YOU WERE HERE!

Story by
BRUCE JONES

Art by
**ADRIAN MORO
& PHIL HAXO**

#4

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GI JOE® in 3-D #4 - 32 three dimensional
pages with full color, laser-scanned covers. Published
quarterly. Glasses Included. \$2.99 (Canada \$3.50)

DICK TRACY

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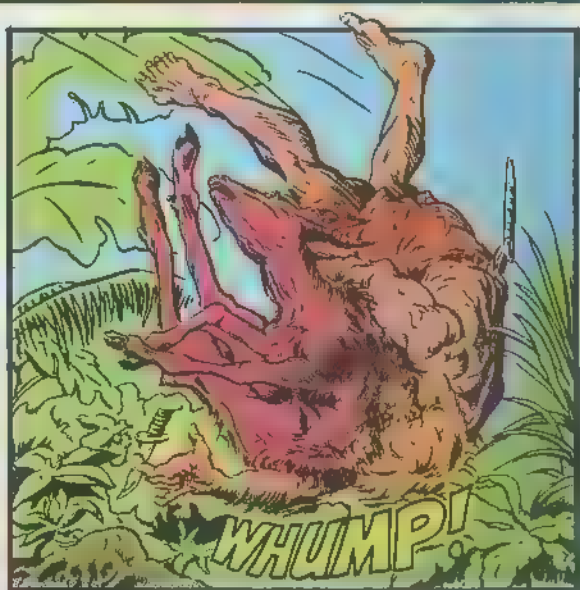
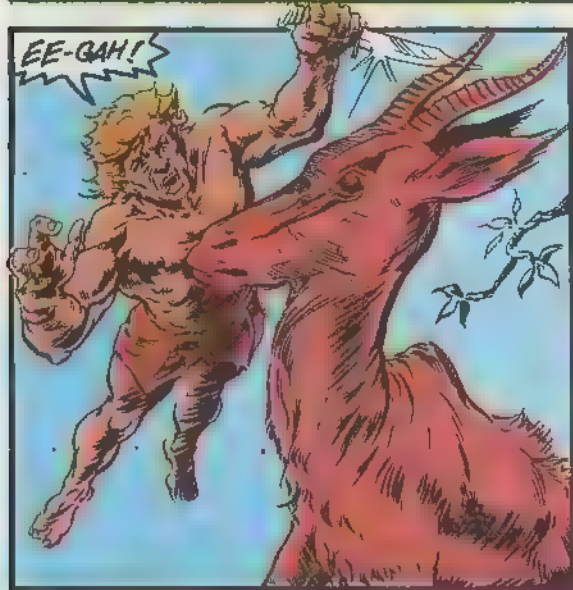
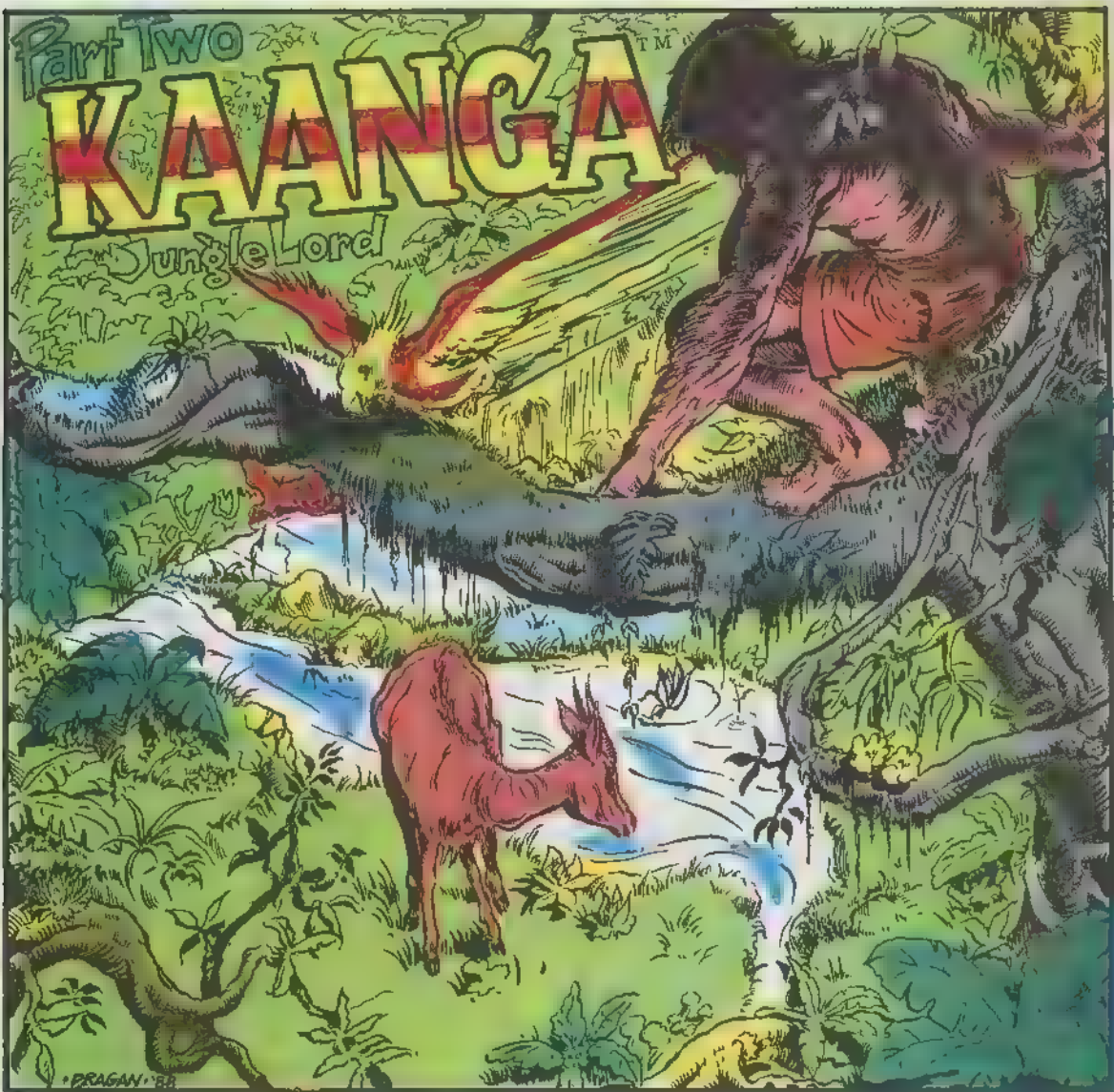
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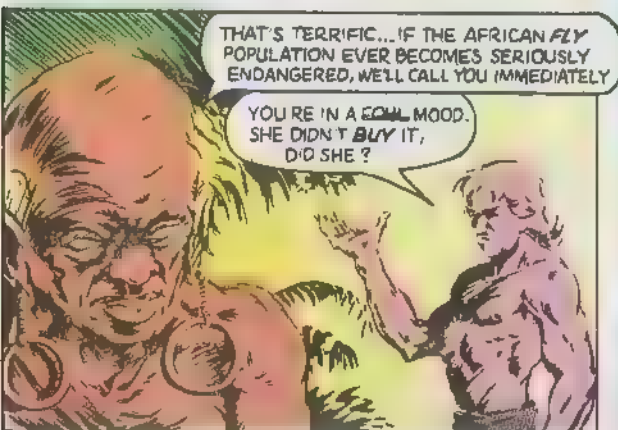
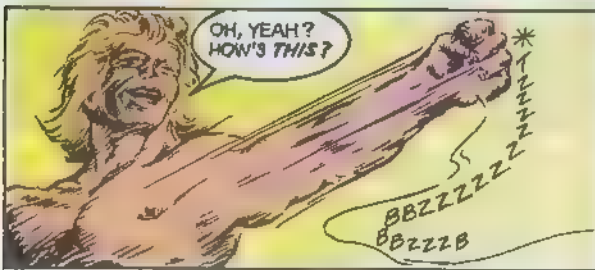
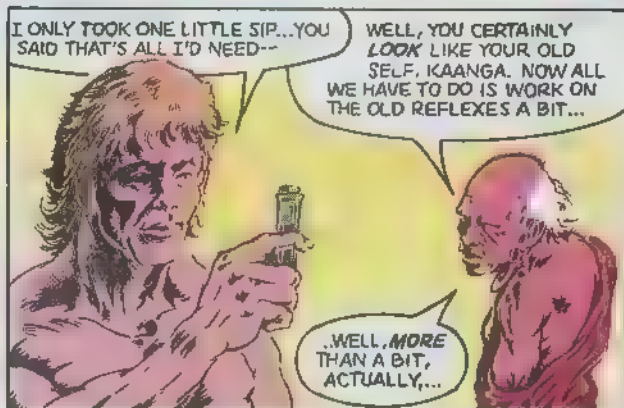
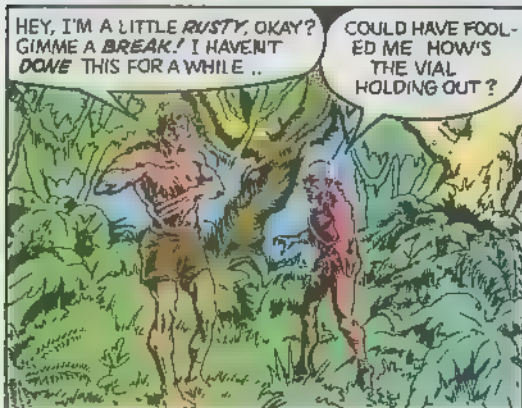
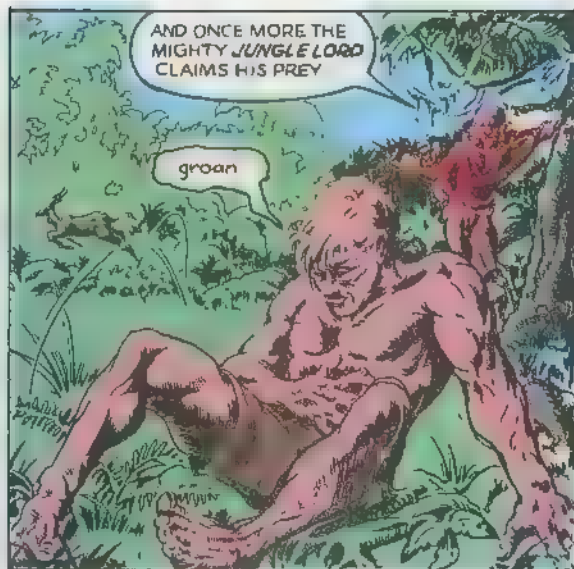
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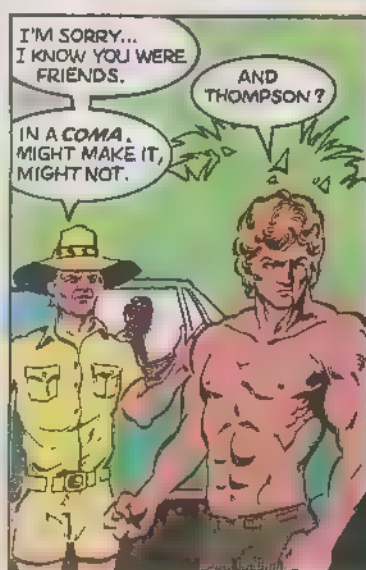
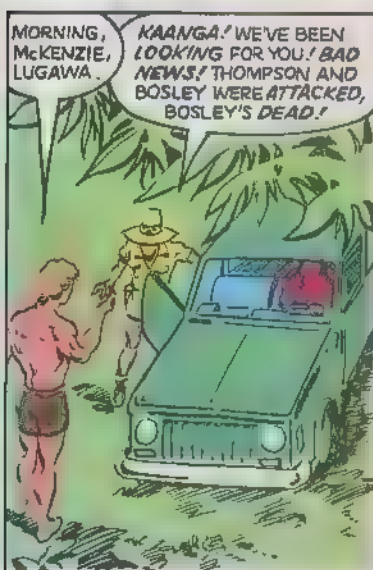
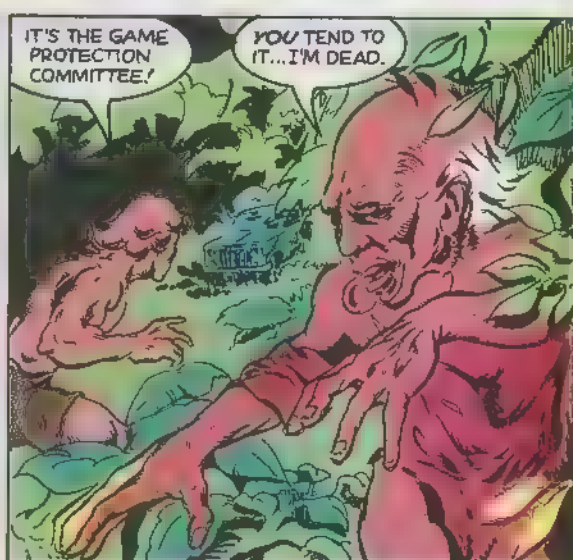
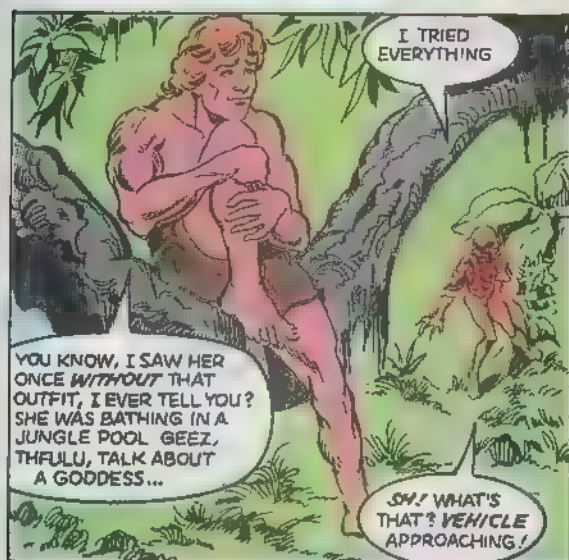
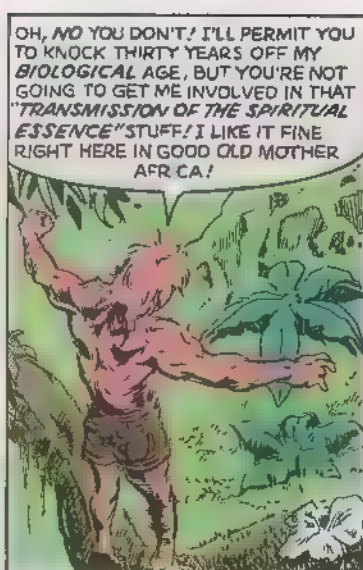
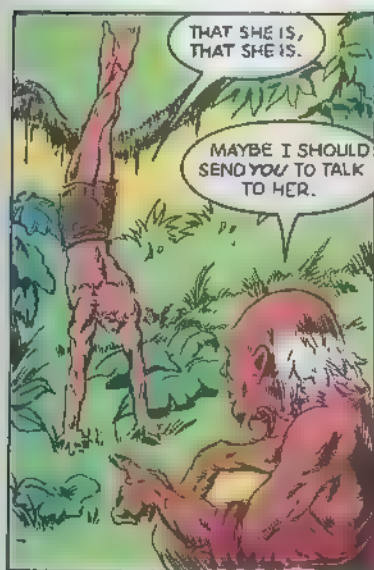
Dick Tracy, The "Unprinted" Stories #3 - Overwhelming fan requests have editor Shel Dorf going back to material never published in its entirety in comic books. In issue #3 Tracy pits his wits against "Flattop Junior."

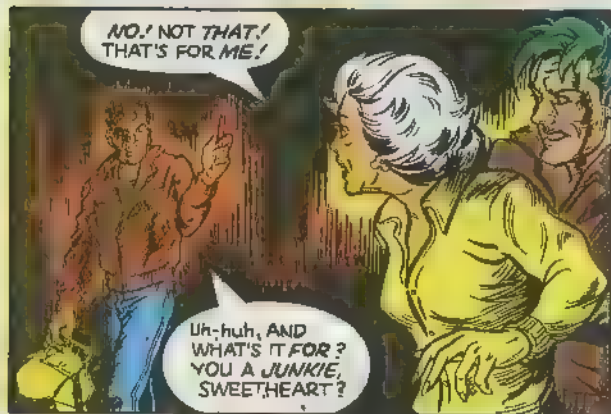
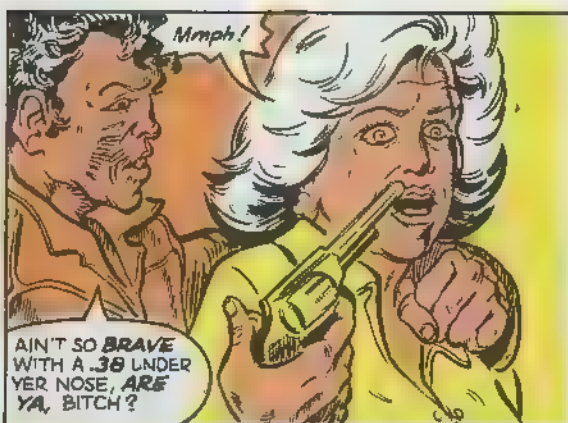
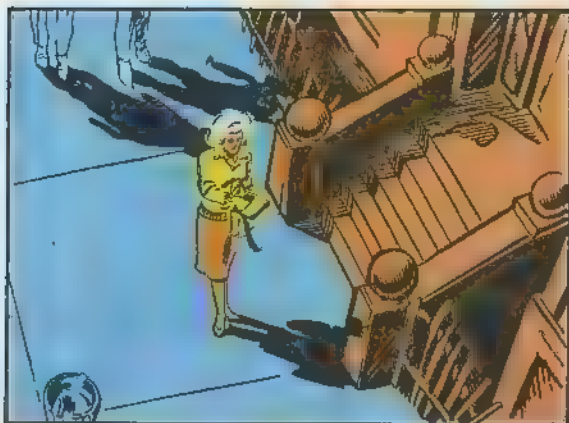
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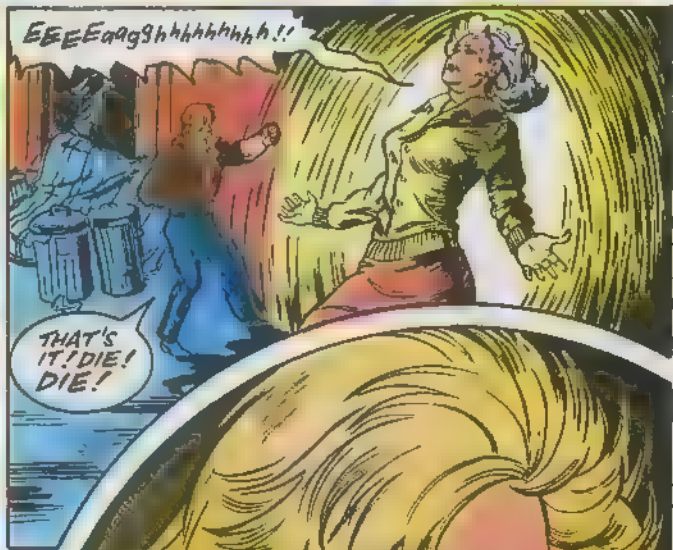
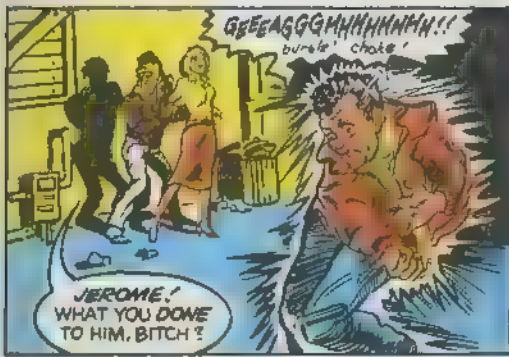
All titles edited by Shel Dorf!











THE SITUATION, GENTLEMEN, IS JUST ABOUT AS BAD AS IT CAN GET. IN 1970, 65,000 RHINOS ROAMED EAST, CENTRAL, AND SOUTH AFRICA. TODAY, FEWER THAN 4500 REMAIN.

THERE ARE *NONE* IN UGANDA. 170 CLING TO A DUBIOUS FUTURE IN THE CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC AND ANOTHER 300 SURVIVE IN ZAMBIA. THE *BLACK RHINO* IS ALL BUT *EXTINCT*...



THE PRIZE IS THE RHINO'S *HORN*. IN 1970, THEY WENT FOR ABOUT \$17 PER POUND... TODAY THE WHOLESALE PRICE IS \$300, DESPITE THE FACT THAT SALES ARE *ILLEGAL* PRACTICALLY EVERYWHERE. THE REALLY SAD FACT IS THAT YOU DON'T ACTUALLY NEED THE *RHINO*, ONLY THE *HORN*... THIS HASN'T STOPPED THE AVALANCHE OF *KILLINGS*, UNFORTUNATELY.

AND RHINOS ARE ONLY *PART* OF THE STORY. SOME BELIEVE THAT EVEN THE MIGHTY ELEPHANT IS A DOOMED SPECIES. WHAT WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO, GENTLEMEN, IS A SCRUBBY SERIES OF "*THEME PARKS*". ALL OF THEM SHOWCASING ENDANGERED ANIMALS. UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUITE *SOON*, WE WON'T EVEN HAVE THAT.

MOST OF YOU KNOW THIS MAN; HIS NAME IS *KAANGA*, AND *NO ONE* KNOWS THE CONTINENT, ITS FLORA AND FAUNA, BETTER THAN HE. HE CAME TO US ONLY A WEEK AGO OUT OF RETIREMENT IN SR LANKA. HOW IT IS HE'S MANAGED TO REMAIN *AGELESS*, HE WON'T CONFIDE IN ME, THOUGH IT'S RUMORED HE'S BEEN ASSOCIATING WITH *DICK CLARK*.

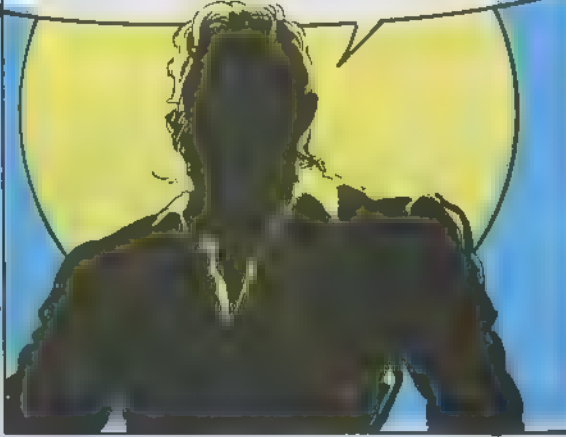


WE NEED A HUNDRED MORE *KAANGAS* TO ASSURE THIS PROJECT'S SUCCESS... HOWEVER, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE ONE WE HAVE. AND, OF COURSE, THE SUPPORT OF THE *REST* OF YOU.

GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU *Mr. KAANGA*...



YOU ALL KNOW OF THE RECENT MURDER OF BILL BOSLEY. I'VE JUST LEARNED THAT SOMEONE SNEAKED INTO THE HOSPITAL ROOM WHERE PAUL THOMPSON WAS RECOVERING AND DID THE *SAME* TO HIM. WE'RE DEALING WITH FAR MORE THAN A GROUP OF WEEKEND *POACHERS* HERE, GENTLEMEN... WE'RE DEALING WITH *KILLERS*...



WHAT I SUGGEST IS THAT WE
BREAK INTO TWO GROUPS. N'GORO
AND MYSELF IN LEADER ONE,
MCKENZIE AND LUGAWA IN
LEADER TWO.

WE HEAD ACROSS THE VELDT AT SUN-
RISE, THE HOUR THE POACHER
USUALLY STRIKES, AND STATION EACH
TEAM AT THE TWO WATERHOLES MOST
VISITED BY THE RHINO.

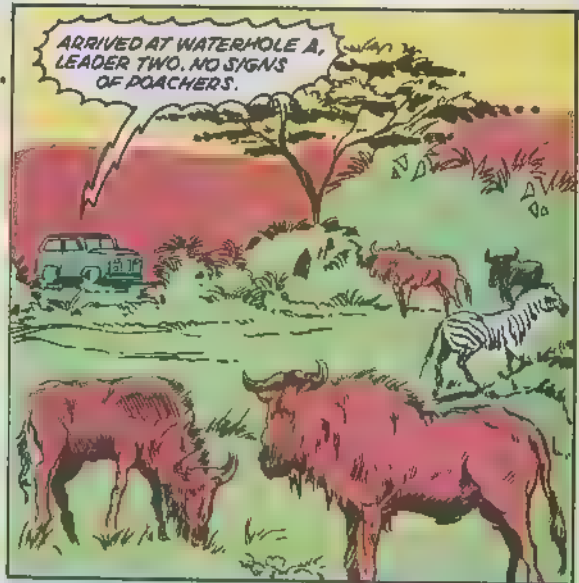
WE KEEP THIS UP EVERY DAY FOR
A WEEK. IF WE CAN CAPTURE THIS
GANG'S RINGLEADER, WE MAY BE
ABLE TO HALT THIS OPERATION...
OR AT LEAST SLOW IT...



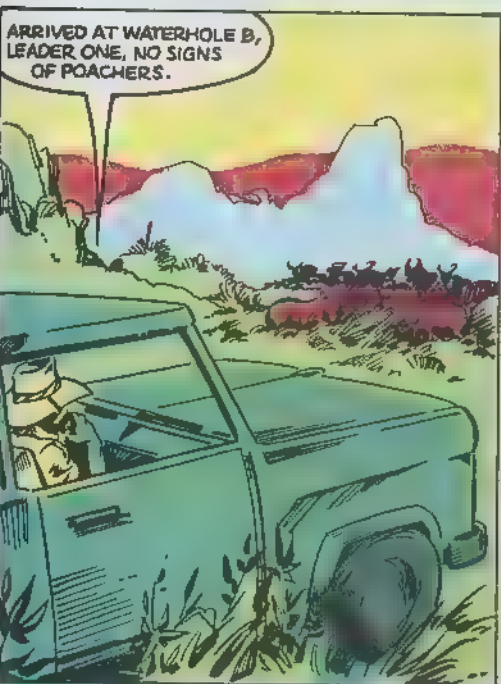
WE SEPARATE HERE, LEADER
TWO. REMEMBER: STAY IN CONTACT
THROUGH YOUR WALKIE-TALKIE.



ARRIVED AT WATERHOLE A,
LEADER TWO. NO SIGNS
OF POACHERS.

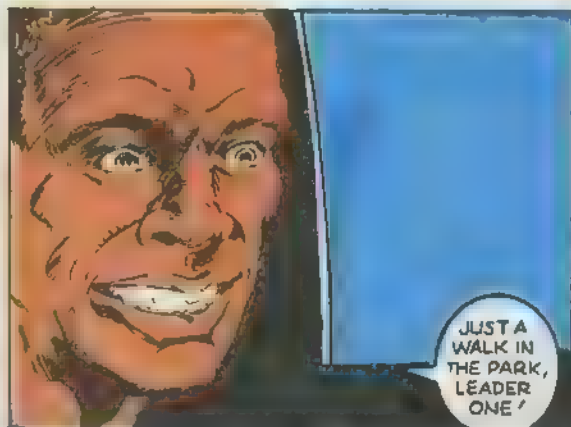
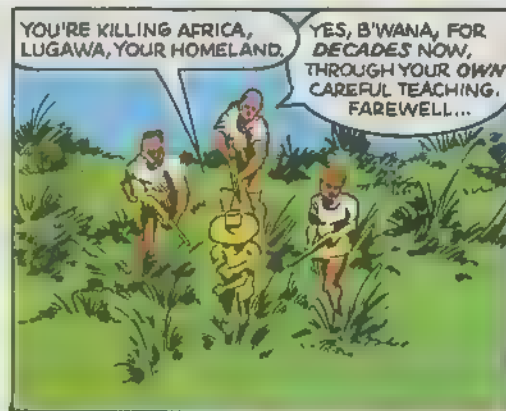
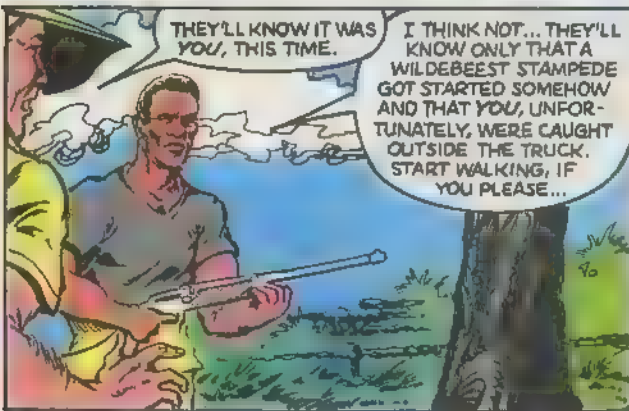
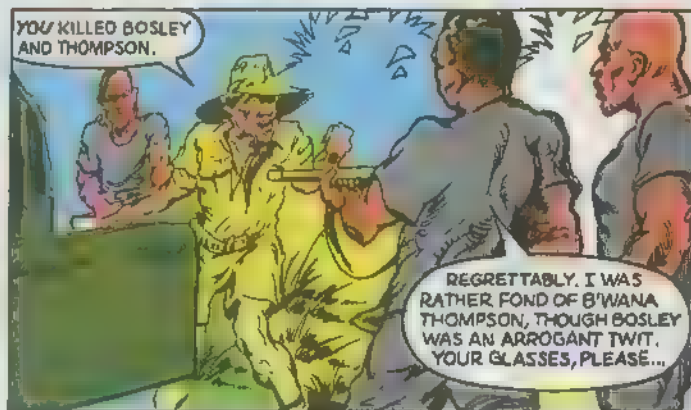
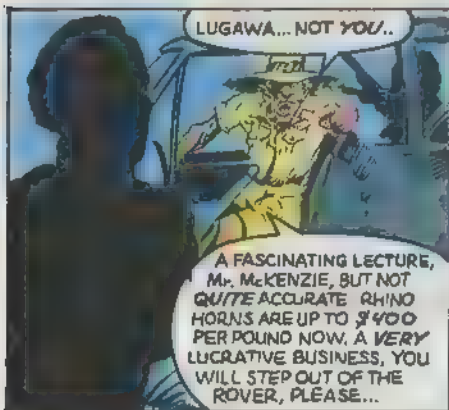
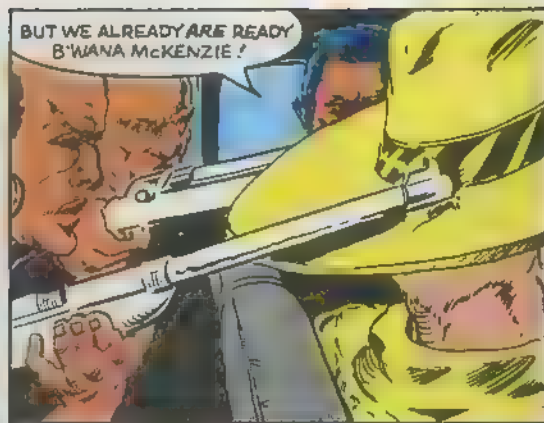
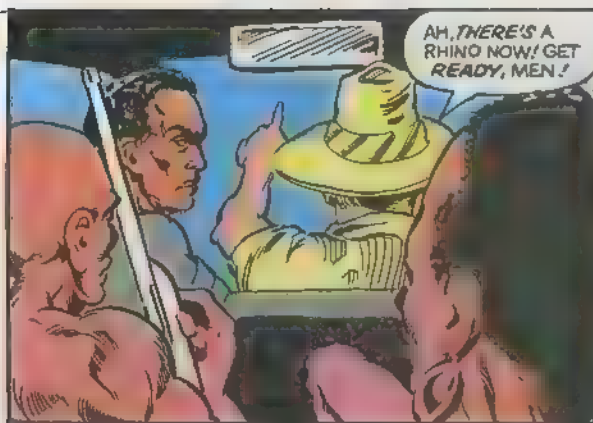


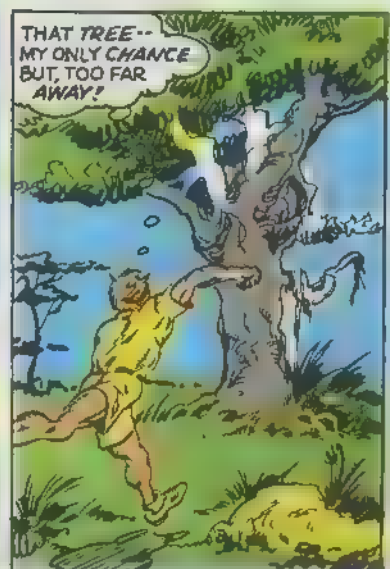
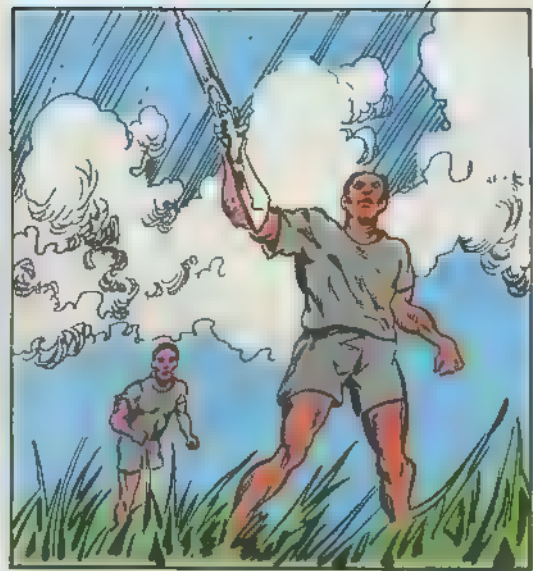
ARRIVED AT WATERHOLE B,
LEADER ONE. NO SIGNS
OF POACHERS.



NOW, GENTLEMEN... WE WAIT.





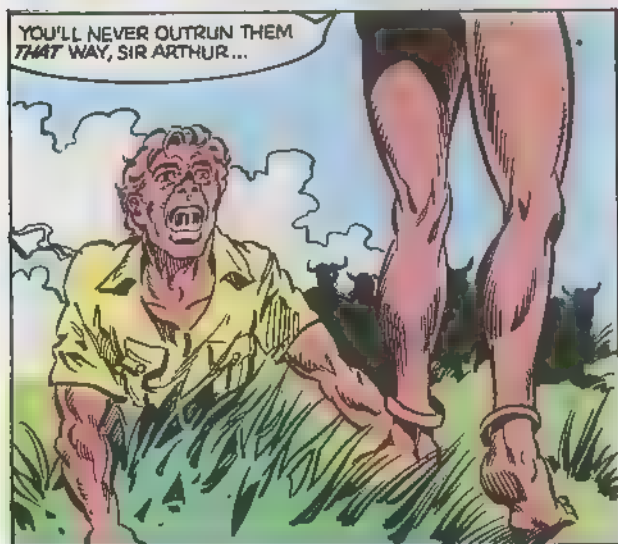




RUN, B'WANA. RUN IN TERROR... AS MY PEOPLE HAVE RUN FROM YOU FOR CENTURIES...



OOF!



YOU'LL NEVER OUTRUN THEM THAT WAY, SIR ARTHUR...



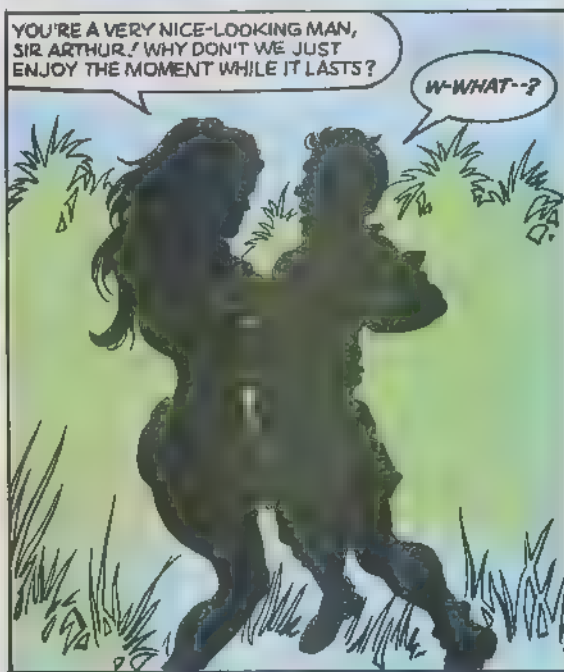
...UPSY-DAISY!

W-WHO ARE... W-WHERE DID YOU C-COME FROM?



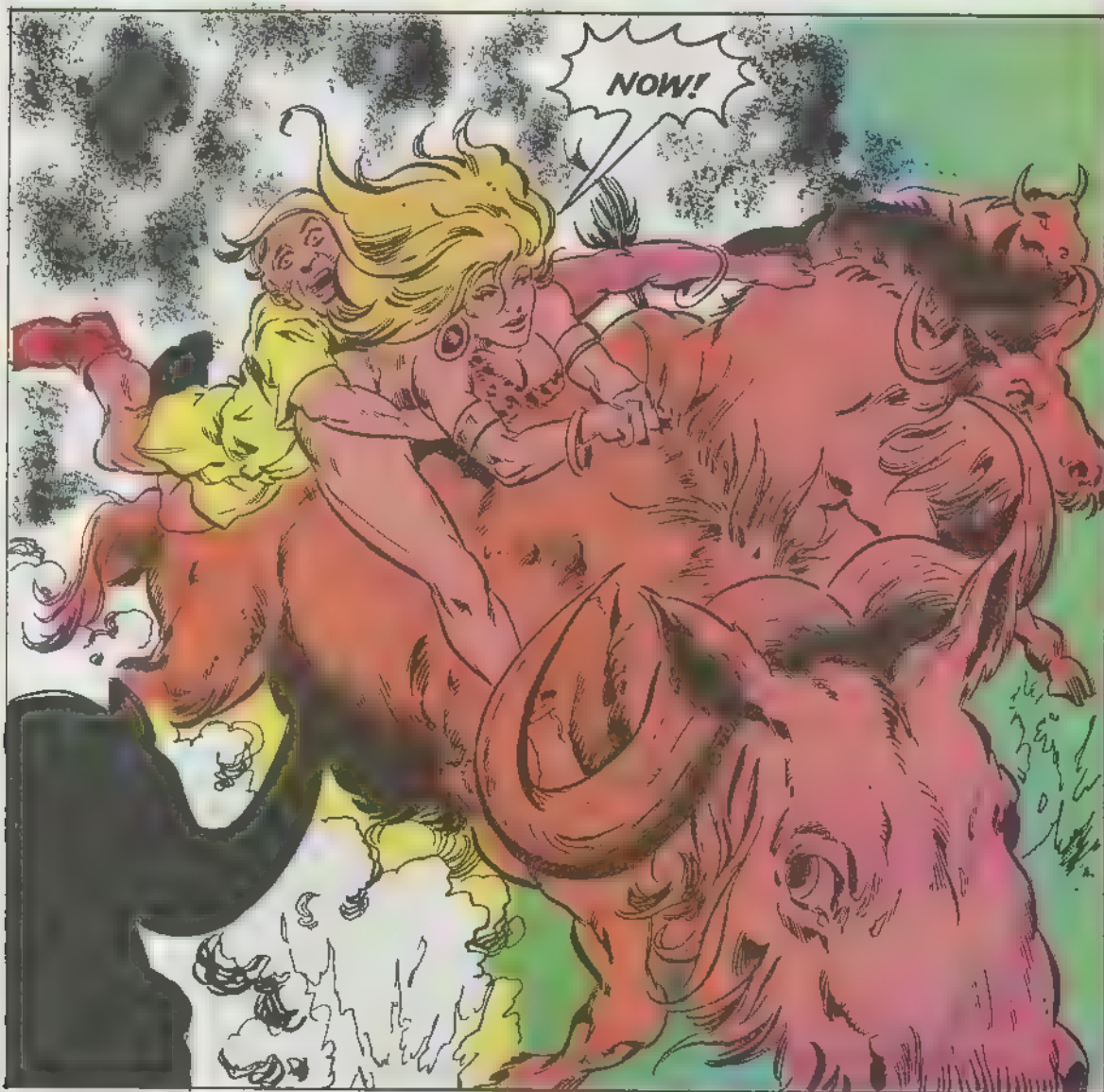
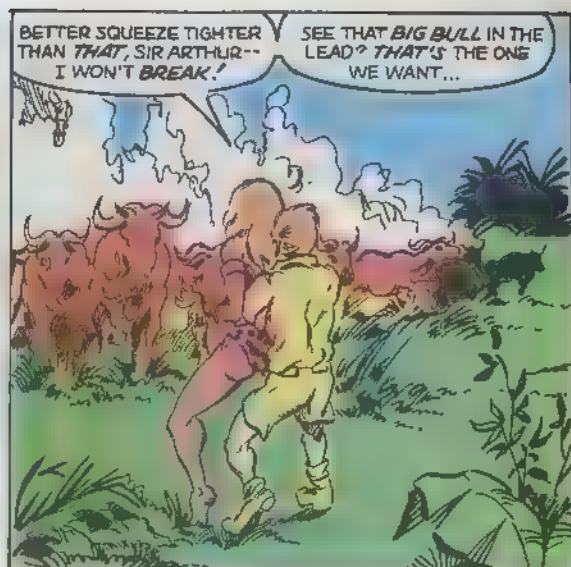
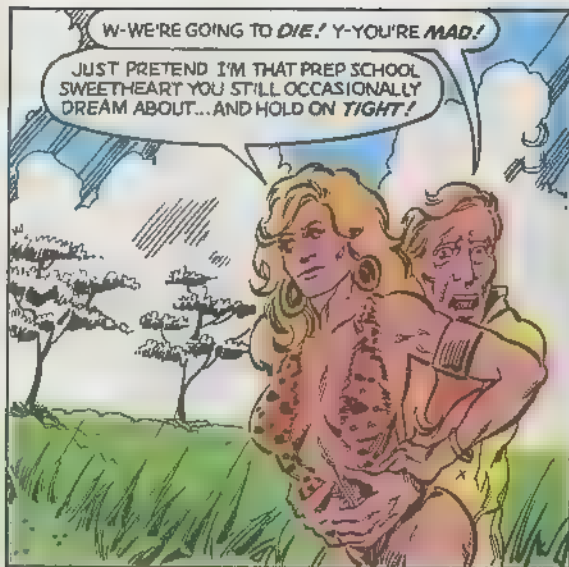
FROM NEW YORK, ACTUALLY.

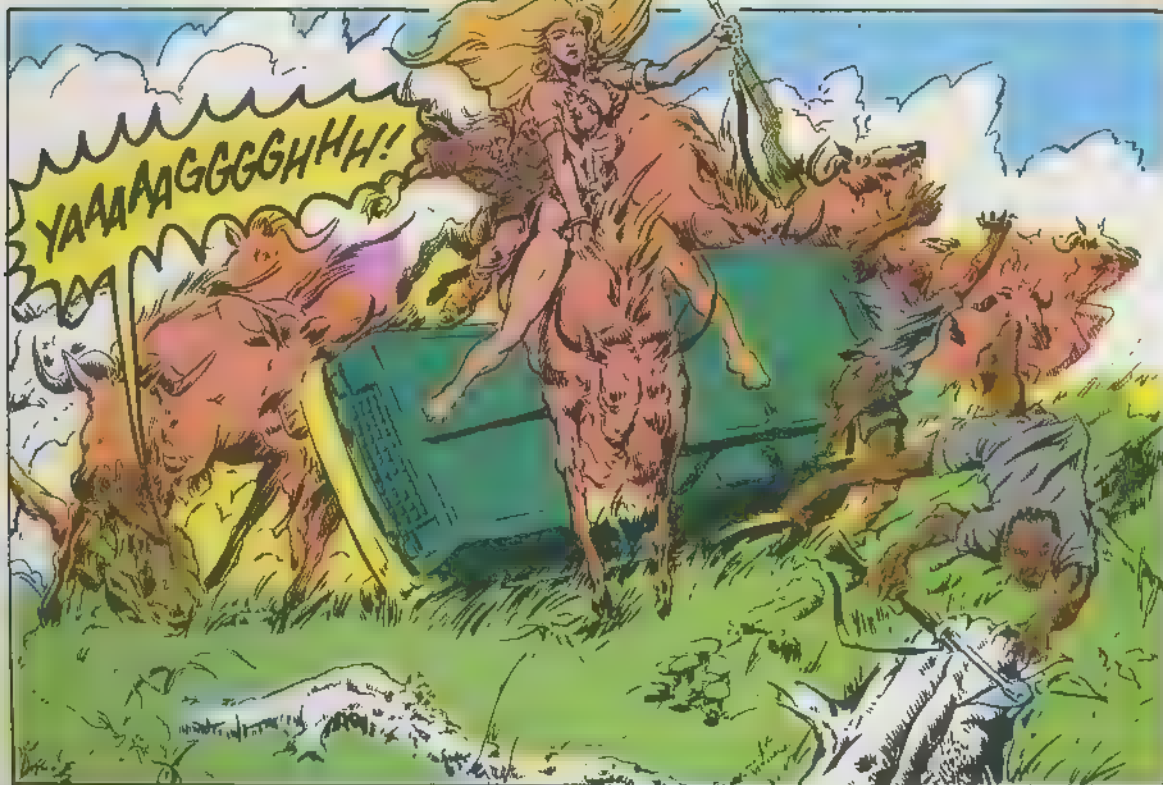
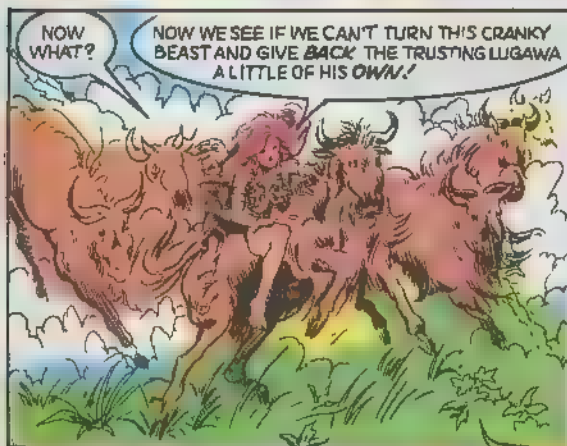
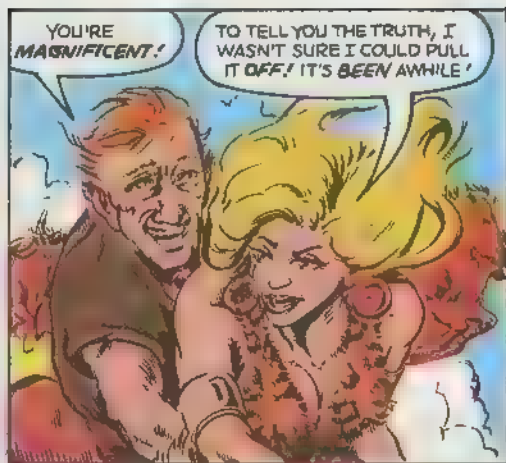
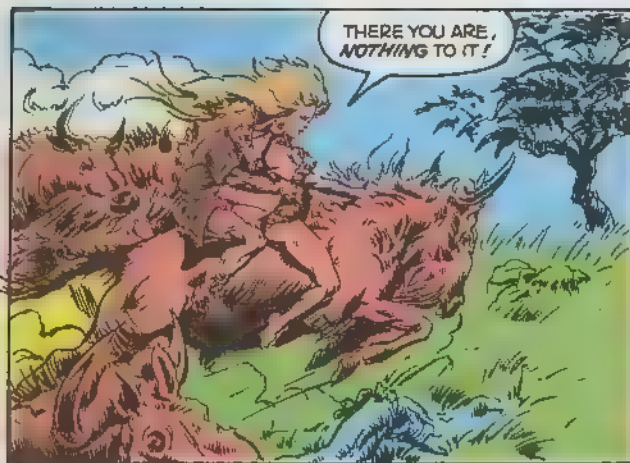
RUN! W-WE'VE GOT TO RUN!

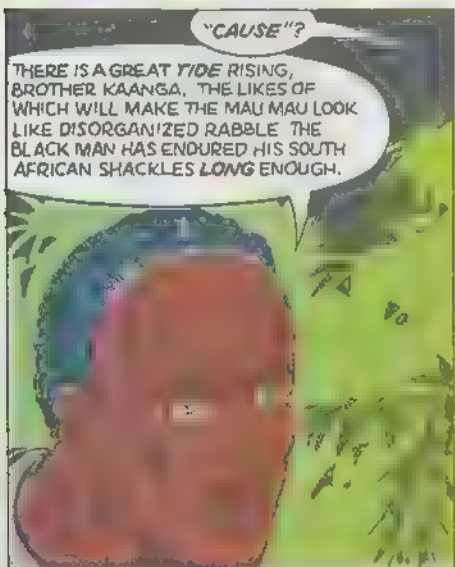
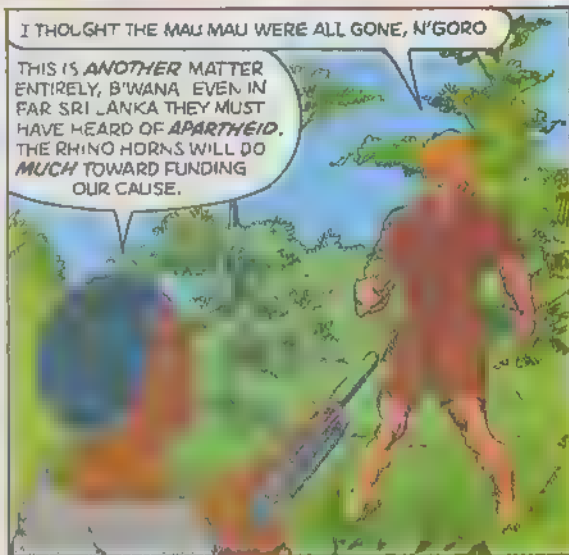
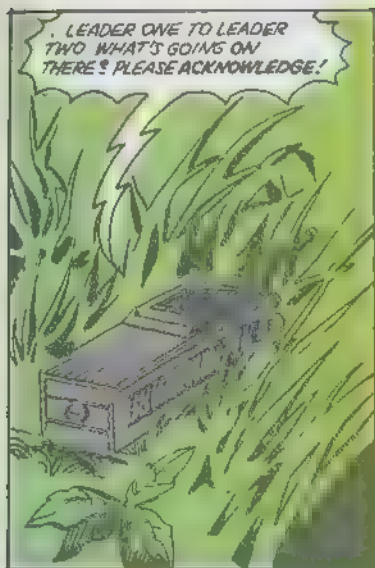


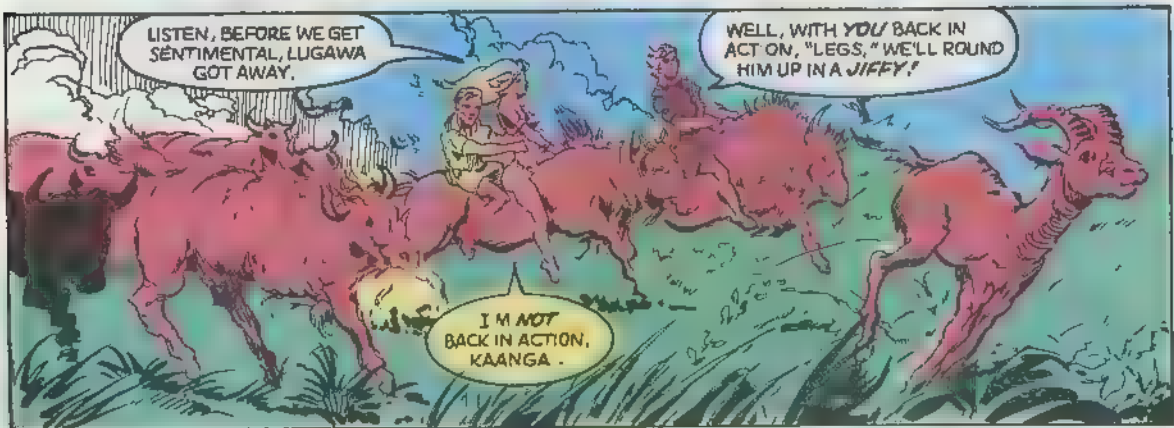
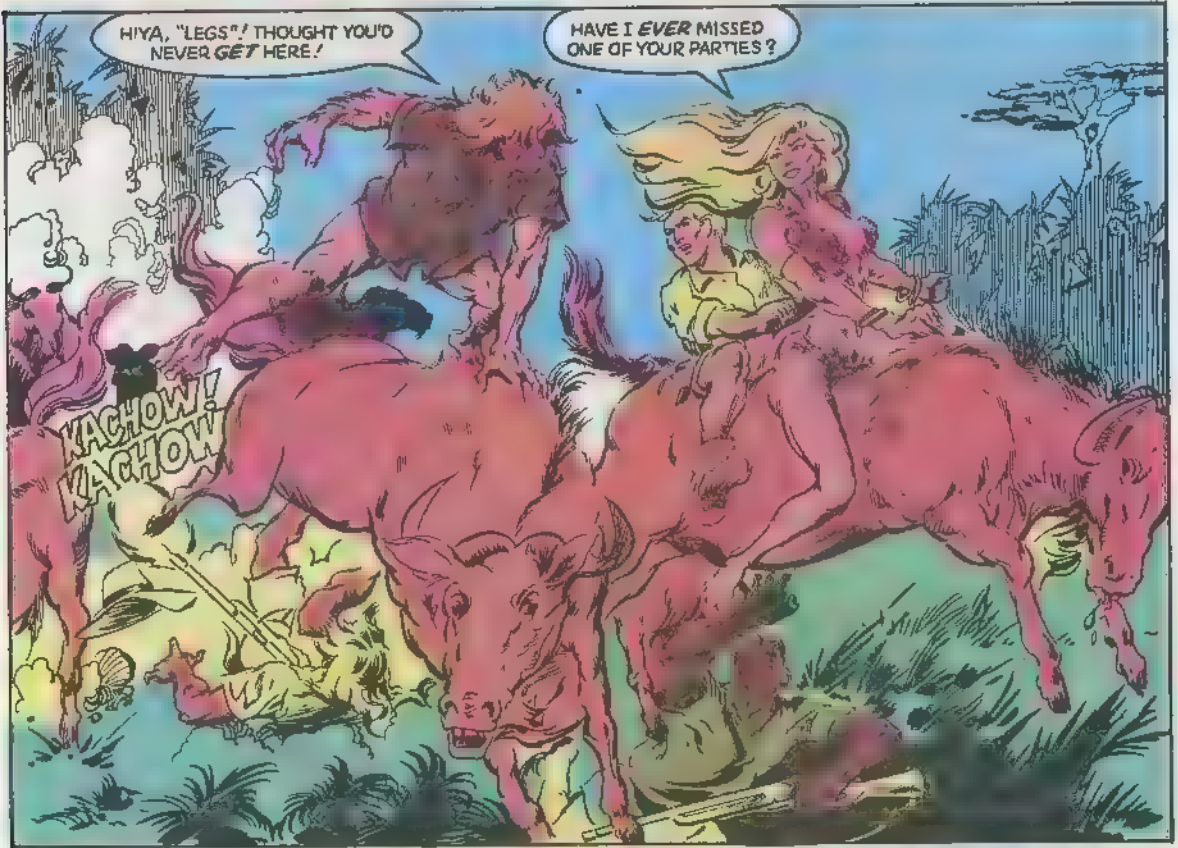
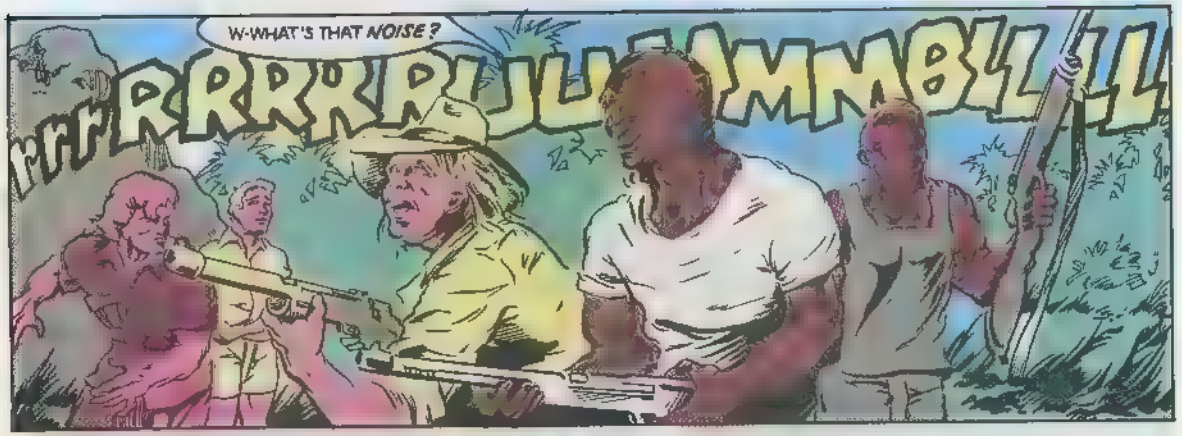
YOU'RE A VERY NICE-LOOKING MAN, SIR ARTHUR! WHY DON'T WE JUST ENJOY THE MOMENT WHILE IT LASTS?

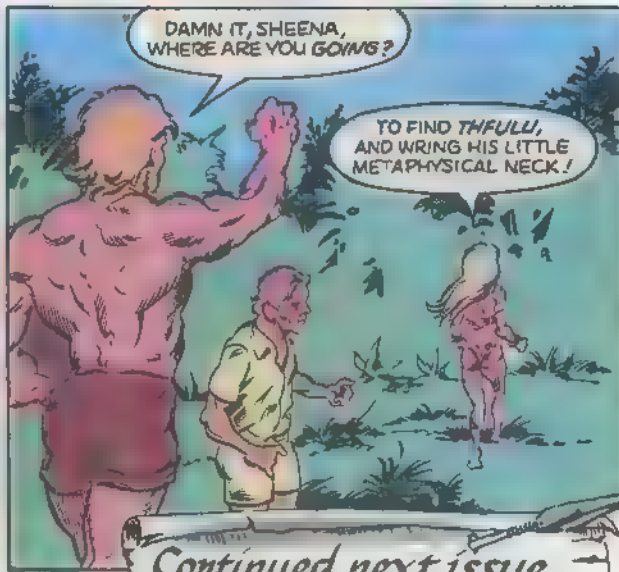
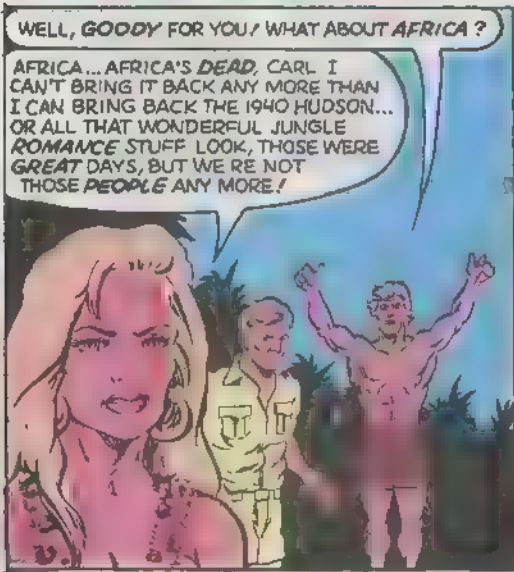
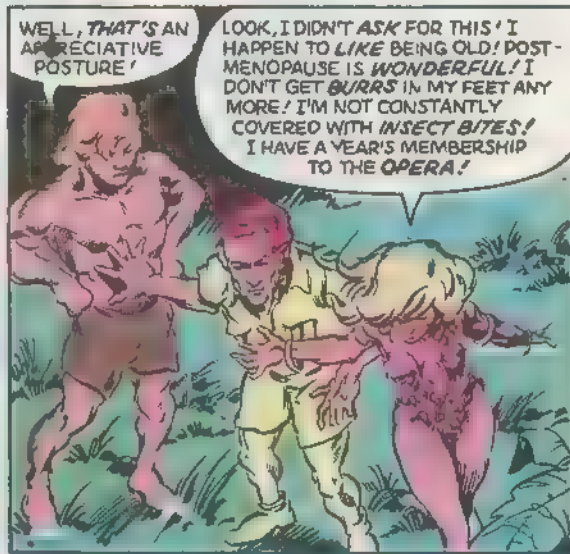
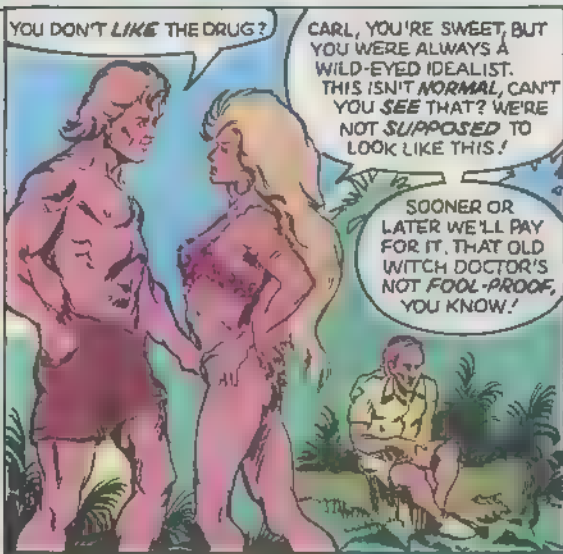
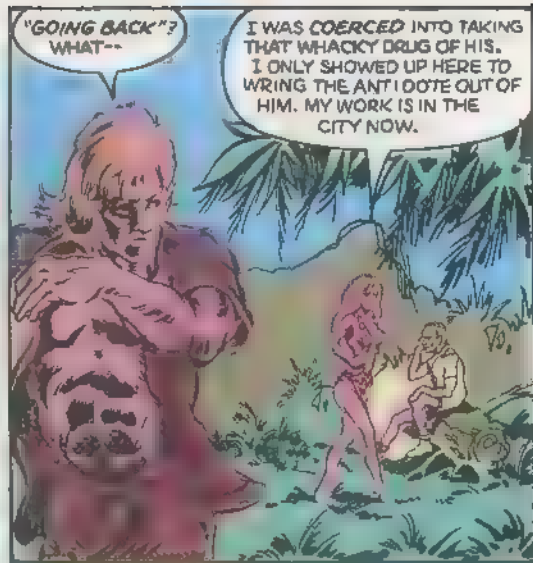
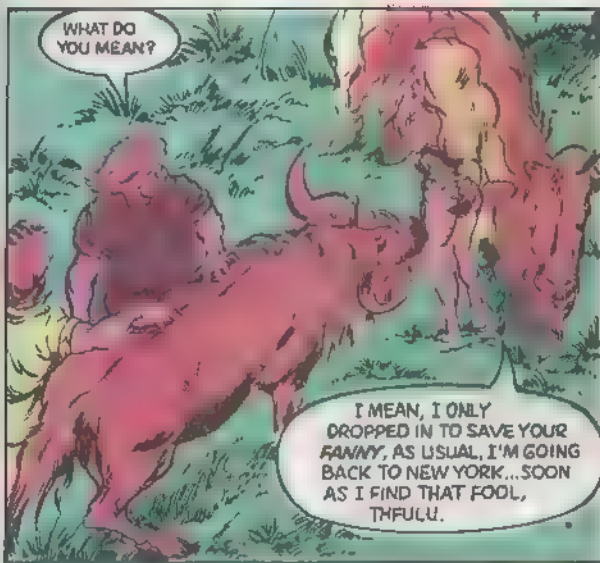
W-WHAT--?











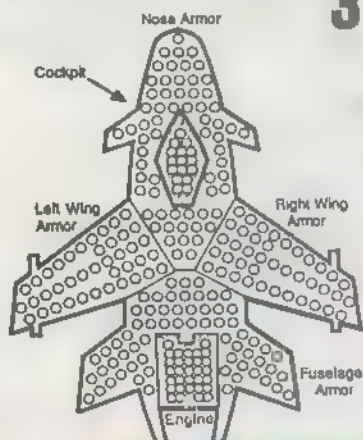
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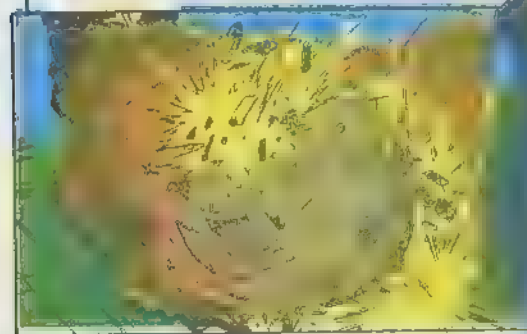
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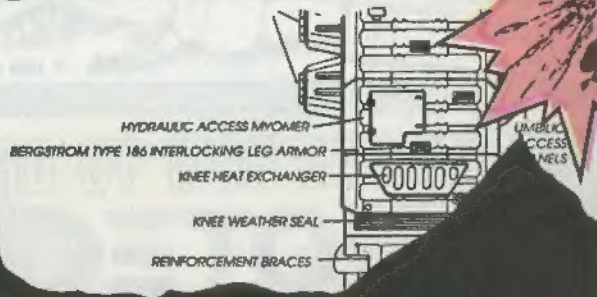
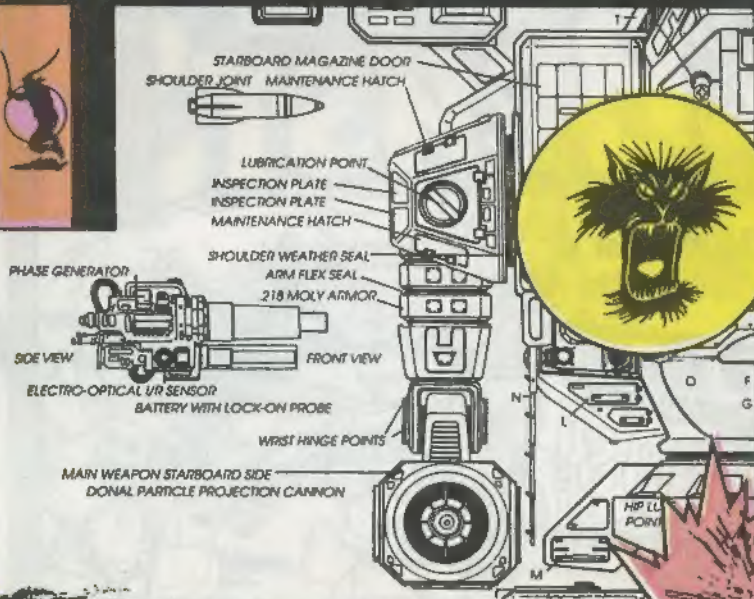
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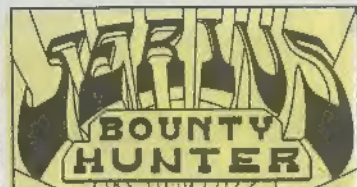
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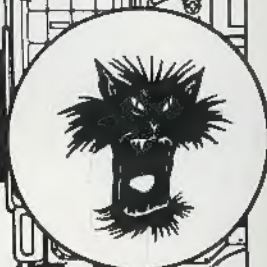
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